

# The Hong Kong

# Daily Press.

No. 9169

號九十六百一十九號 日初月四閏年三十紀光

HONGKONG, MONDAY, MAY 28TH, 1887.

一月三十二月五英年

PRICE 525 PER MONTH

## SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.  
May 2, DON JUAN, Spanish str., 654, José Marquez, Manila 18th May, General—BRANDAO & Co.  
May 21, BAYLEY, British steamer, 1,035, A. Child, Kuching 17th May, Coal—MITSU BUSSAN KAISHA.  
May 21, HAIHONG, British steamer, 1,125, Ashton, Foochow 17th May, Amy 18th, and Swatow 20th, General—DUGALD L. PEAKIN & Co.  
May 21, PICCIOLA, German steamer, 874, Ph. Nissen, Singapore 15th May, and Hoitow 20th, General—BUN HIN & Co.  
May 21, PRINZ ERNST, German bark, 554 A. Schomann, Singapore 4th May, Timber—MELCHERS & Co.  
May 21, DUNICER, German steamer, 921, C. F. Bertelson, Singapore 15th May, General—BUN HIN & Co.  
May 21, PROPTONIS, British steamer, 1,337, G. Horsley, Saigon 17th May, Rice and Paddy—AERHOLD, KAREN & Co.  
May 21, WHAMPOA, British steamer, 1,109, E. Fawcett, Whampoa 21st May, General—BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE.  
May 22, PURA CHULAH CHOM KLAO, British str., 1,012, H. H. Lightwood, Saigon 15th May, Rice and General—YUN FA HONG.  
May 22, ULYSSES, British steamer, 1,391, A. W. Brenner, Shanghai, Amy and Swatow 21st May, General—BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE.  
May 22, AMOT, British steamer, 814, R. Koller, Whampoa 22nd May, General—STENSMSEN & Co.  
May 22, TANIAS, French steamer, 1,733, A. Paul, Yokohama 15th May, Mails and General—MESSAGERIES MARITIMES.  
May 22, KWANG-LEE, Chinese steamer, 1,503, Wells, Whampoa 22nd May, General—C. M. S. N. Co.

## CLEARANCES.

AT THE HARBOUR MASTER'S OFFICE:  
21ST MAY.  
Patroclus, British str., for Shanghai.  
Thales, British str., for Swatow.  
Bennet, British str., for Woosung.  
Piccola, German str., for Swatow.  
Glucksburg, German str., for Amy.  
Borne, Dutch str., for Amy.  
Anton, German str., for Hoitow.  
China, German str., for Swatow.  
Fiducia, German str., for Singapore.  
Glenarney, British str., for Nagasaki.  
Ching Wo, British str., for Seigon.  
Eudora, British bark, for Iloilo.

## DEPARTURES.

May 21, TEHERAN, British str., for Yokohama.  
May 21, IMPERIA, German str., for Yokohama.  
May 21, ACTY, Danish str., for Haiphong.  
May 21, DAIFLA, British str., for Haiphong.  
May 21, BORNEO, Dutch str., for Amy.  
May 21, FIDELIO, German str., for Singapore.  
May 21, GLENTHIAS, British str., for Shanghai.  
May 21, YARCOLAW, Russian str., for Vostock.  
May 21, THALES, British str., for Swatow.  
May 22, ANTON, German str., for Hoitow.  
May 22, BENVENUTO, British str., for Woosung.  
May 22, CHING-WO, British str., for Saigon.  
May 22, CHINA, German str., for Amy.  
May 22, GLENARNEY, British str., for Nagasaki.  
May 22, LUCKENBACH, German str., for Amy.  
May 22, PATROCLUS, British str., for Shanghai.  
May 23, PICCIOLA, German str., for Swatow.

## PASSENGERS.

ARRIVED.  
Per DON JUAN, str., from Manila—Mr. Otto Schaefer, 4 Europeans, and 120 Chinese deck.  
Per Haiphong, str., from East Coast—Mr. and Mrs. Partidge, Miss Bussell, and 103 Chinese.  
Per Ulysses, str., from Shanghai, &c.—860 Chinese.  
Per Dubuix, str., from Singapore—212 Chinese.  
Per Phra Chula Chom Kla, str., from Bangkok—33 Chinese.  
Also JUST ISSUED  
MEN OF THE TIE—13TH EDITION.  
KELLY & WALSH, LTD., HONGKONG.

## REPORTS.

The German steamer Haiphong, from Singapore 15th May, reports had variable wind with squalls and rain.

The British steamer Haiphong, from Foochow 17th May, Amy 18th, and Swatow 20th, reports from Foochow to Swatow had moderate N.E. winds and cloudy. From Swatow to port moderate easterly winds and overcast weather.

The British steamer Phra Chula Chom Kla, from Bangkok 15th May, reports had light variable winds and squalls, accompanied by thunder and lightning from Capo St. James to Capo Padrao; thence to Manila, and then to the Paracels; winds variable between N.E. and W. remainder of the passage moderate gale and squalls between N.E. and E.S.E., high confuse sea and heavy rain throughout.

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## NOTICE.

HONGKONG AND WHAMPOA DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED.

SHIPMASTERS AND ENGINEERS are respectfully informed that, upon their arrival in this Harbour, none of the Company's Vessels should be at hand, or ready for repairs if sent to the Head Office, No. 14, Peay Central, will receive prompt attention.

In the event of complaints being found necessary, communication with the Undersigned is requested, when immediate steps will be taken to rectify the cause of dissatisfaction.

D. GILLIES, Secretary.

Hongkong, 26th August, 1887.

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1887. NOW READY. 1887

## THE CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY

(With which is incorporated  
THE CHINA DIRECTORY,  
(Twenty-Fifth Annual Issue),  
COMPLETE, WITH APPENDIX, PLANS, &c.,  
Royal 8vo, pp. 1,156....35.00.  
SMALLER EDITION, Royal 8vo, pp. 776....33.00.

THE CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY  
has been thoroughly revised and brought up  
to date, and contains much increased in bulk.

It contains DIPLOMATIC AND STATISTICAL  
ACCOUNTS of and DIRECTORIES for

HONGKONG—JAPAN—

Do Ladies' Directory Nagasaki.

Do Post Directory Kobe (Hyogo).

Do Military Forces Osaka.

Do Chinese Honga. Tokyo.

MACAO. Macao.

China. Tientsin.

Calcutta. Calcutta.

Patna. Patna.

Howrah. Howrah.

Chittagong. Chittagong.

Chinsing. Chinsing.



## EXTRACT.

## QUEER STORY.

## THE GUINEA SPIDER AND THE STARVING FEX.

John Mayne, and his young wife, Ellen, began their married life under the hospitable auspices. They were both young and hopeful. John was a clerk in the office of Messrs. Nutmeg & Co., colonial merchants, and as steady and industrious a young man as any within the four-mile radius. Ellen was quite a model housewife—frugal without meanness, bright, cheerful, and good-tempered. Before her marriage she had been an employee in a fancy-work shop, where her artistic taste in designing the fancy-work with which her richer sisters try to kill time by an imaginary hand, had commanded good pay and no little praise. But when she married John Mayne she threw up this employment, the cares of wifehood, and later on of motherhood, monopolizing all her time and thoughts.

For two years all went well with the young couple. John gave such satisfaction to his employer, that his salary was raised, and he was, therefore, able to move from the humble lodgings where he and his wife had lived since their marriage, to a small house at Walthamgreen. Within two months of their migration, however, a change for the worse came in their fortunes. Messrs. Nutmeg & Co. passed through the Bankruptcy Court; the business was wound up, and John Mayne was thrown out of employment. Every one knows that the demand for clerks is very much smaller than that for supply. John had an excellent character from his late employer; but somehow the days and weeks went on, and he was still condemned to enforced idleness. To make matters worse, he got wet through one day after tramping about for hours from one office to another. Cold, and over-fatigued, and long fasting, brought on an attack of rheumatic fever, and Ellen, who could not bear to part with her husband, nursed him at home instead of allowing him to be moved to a hospital. Doctor's fees, and long chemist's bill, and the cost of the nourishing food necessary reduced Ellen's savings to a minimum; but she was young and brave, and still hopeful of better days, in spite of all her present care. She took to plain sewing, for which, of course, she got but scanty payment, the middleman, who flourishes at the expense of the workers, taking the best part of the profit. By working sixteen hours a day, however, Ellen managed to keep the dreared wolf from the door, and gradually her husband struggled back to comparative health. As soon as he was strong enough, he sought again for work. But bad trade and an overstocked labour-market were against him, and his search was again fruitless. Then his courage began to fail; the fever had left his pale and weak, and, though he did not know it, symptoms of heart-disease showed themselves. One dreadful day he fell at his wife's feet in a dead faint. Terrified at his death-like look, Ellen sent a neighbour's child for a medical man. As kindly as he could, the doctor told her the sad truth. Her husband was suffering from the most dangerous form of heart-disease. With the greatest care, he might live for years, but all over-work and excitement was to be avoided.

Ellen listened with a failing heart. Her scanty wages barely sufficed to supply the necessities of life; she herself was growing daily thinner and weaker from hard work and poor food; and now this last and terrible blow put the finishing touch to her wretchedness. Where could she turn for assistance? For neither she nor her husband had any near relations.

For a few more weeks the brave little woman toiled on at her plain-sewing; her food was weak tea and a little bread, as the larger half of her scanty earnings were devoted to the payment of the rent of their room. They had, of course, given up the house at Walthamgreen, and sold the furniture; the proceeds of the sale clearing off the debts the poor wife had been forced to contract during her husband's long illness. What remained she spent in dainties for John and milk for the child. But at last even this little store was exhausted.

One Saturday night she took her weekly pail of work as usual to the warehouse, when she was curiously told that she was dismissed with some forty or fifty others. Trade was bad, and likely to be worse before the winter was over. The few shillings that she had received for her work was, therefore, all that stood between her and starvation, or the alternative, almost as terrible to the poor—the workhouse.

When Ellen reached home, she found the landlady of the house where she and her husband had been ledging waiting for her at the door. "Your master's in a dead faint. Mrs. Mayne, and I can't get him to. Shall I send for the doctor?"

The doctor arrived within five minutes; but no glance at the patient sufficed. John Mayne was dead—had been dead for an hour, at least.

For the poor young widow sank under the weight of her sorrows. The landlady, who was a kind-hearted woman, looked after the child, and tried to cheer the bereaved wife. After the funeral Ellen was forced to dry her tears and face the cruel world again. The poor cannot nursing their grief like the rich. Ellen knew that she must work or starve. For herself she would not have cared, but there was the child: she must work for her child's sake.

But, unfortunately, the wish to work does not always ensure employment. Ellen tried many things; she worked button-holes at a farthing a dozen when she could get them to do; she put aside the last remnant of her pride, and got now and again a day's work as a charwoman. But her health grew daily worse, and her poor thin arms had no strength for the rough work of scrubbing and window-cleaning.

It was a long struggle against overwhelming odds. Many times the poor creature was tempted to clasp her child in her arms and take that last desperate leap over London Bridge, and so end the struggle. But love for her child held her back. She could not bear to take poor baby's life, and she could not die and leave it to the tender mercy of strangers.

One day the landlady came up to Ellen's attic with a newspaper in her hand. "My dear, here's the very thing for you," she said, triumphantly. "Just read that advertisement."

Ellen took the newspaper eagerly and read it. Employment for women at their homes—Poplars, and two to ten shillings a day. Work easy. No previous experience necessary. Board stamped envelope, or apply personally to the *esthetic* Company, 500, Finsbury, London.

"It isn't often I see a newspaper," purred the landlady, eagerly. "One of the ground-floor lodgers gave it me, and read about the Kentish Town murder, and that advertisement just caught my eye. It sounds well, doesn't it? Gentel son of work. A bit of a delicate creature like you isn't fit for cleaning. If I were you, I'd go and inquire about the matter at once."

Ellen took the landlady's advice. Terra-cotta-street was a long way from Walthamgreen; and, when she reached the office of the *esthetic* Company, the poor woman looked horribly tired and weak. A bland, well-dressed man answered her timid inquiry, and produced some scraps of paper, and velvet, a few pieces of paint, a brush, or two, and a small bottle of what he called "medium."

"The work requires no experience, my good woman. We give lessons at a moderate fee, and, when perfect, we guarantee to find you

"So would I," said Ellen, clasping her baby closer to her bosom.

The office of the *Penelope* Company was out of Holborn; and when the two women arrived there they found a considerable number of people crowding round the door. They waited patiently for their turn, hoping that at length the longest for work would be given them.

"This looks more like business, doesn't it?" said Ellen's new friend. "They seem to employ a lot of people."

The two women pressed near to the long counter where the work was being handed out by a soft-spoken, well-dressed gentleman.

"Come, make up your mind, my woman. There are plenty of people wanting work, and we have hundreds of pupils," answered the manager in a superior tone. He was running over in his mind the large number of clients his numerous work-agencies had brought him, and of the very lucrative business resulting therefrom.

"I haven't a guinea, sir," she faltered, with tears in her eyes, "but the landlady of the house where I lodge will tell you that I am honest."

"We don't do business in that way. If you haven't the money we can't give you the work."

The woman turned away despairingly, and went heavily down the stairs and out into the street. An endless stream of carriages, cabs, and omnibuses flowed down the broad thoroughfare. Ellen looked at the well-dressed women in the carriages, and wondered if they had ever felt sorrow like hers. The cost of one of those grand gowns would have kept her and her child for a year.

"It is hard for starving people to be honest," she thought, as she glanced at the sparkling wares in the jeweller's shops. "Rich people ought to be very good. I wonder if any of those ladies know how hard it is for the poor to keep respectable. I only want one guinea, and they—"

She sighed and trudged away homewards, thinking how that guinea could be honestly earned. Her hands were clasped together under her chin, shawl, for the afternoon was bitterly cold. Her fingers closed round her wedding-ring. It was the only thing of value the poor soul had kept. She had a moderate horror of parting with it. John had put it there on her marriage-morning, and she thought that she would rather die than part with it. Now it hung loose on her wasted finger, and she twisted it round, wondering if she could get a guinea for it.

"For the child's sake," she said to herself at last, as she halted before a pawnbroker's shop.

But the ring only fetched seven shillings. Somehow, the rest must be earned. For the next few days Ellen was unrelenting in her efforts to scrape together those fourteen shillings. The money she had got for the ring she reluctantly set aside, in spite of the terrible pangs of hunger from which she suffered. Twice she had a day's abiding, and once or twice she was successful in getting some needlework to do; though, of course, at starvation pay. At the end of about three weeks, however, she had a guinea in silver, tied in the corner of an old pocket-handkerchief, and she carried it joyfully to the office of the *esthetic* Company, 500, Finsbury-street.

"There is the money, sir," she said, eagerly, to the bland clerk; "may I take the work home with me?"

"It will be another guinea to have lessons; but you can do the work quite well if you follow the printed directions."

"I am afraid I couldn't pay another guinea," she answered, faintly; "but I will do my best to do the work well. Good afternoon, sir—thank you."

Ellen did not find the work difficult. On the contrary, it seemed to require little ingenuity and less taste. The scraps of silk and velvet were to be coarsely painted after a copy supplied with the materials. Ellen's natural taste enabled her to do more than justice to the copy. The landlady, declared that she would easily earn the maximum sum the prospectus of the *esthetic* Company promised its workers.

"Never mind about the rent of your room, Mrs. Mayne; you'll pay me when you are in regular work, I know," she said, kindly.

In a few days Ellen had painted all the work. Full of renewed hope, she walked down to Terra-cotta-street.

"I hope the work is done to your satisfaction, sir," she said to the manager, who was not quite so bland in manner as on her first visit.

He looked at it carelessly. "It seems pretty well done. Leave it with me, and we'll call again in a week or more."

"But, sir, won't you pay me—trifles for it?" said Ellen desperately. "I am very poor, and I have a child at home."

"I've nothing to do with your poverty. Call at the end of a week, and you shall have a further supply of work."

Ellen thought despairingly, "How am I to live through the week? Mrs. Hart will not care to wait much longer for the rent." But it was quite useless to argue the matter. The manager grew impatient at last and threatened to send for the police if she did not leave the office. Trembling and sick at heart, the woman obeyed, and dragged her weary limbs home to the cold attic where her child lay asleep. She sat down by the bed, and looked at the poor, pale, pinched face upon the pillow. But her eyes were blinded with tears, and she could not see how terribly the little face had changed.

By and by, Mrs. Hart came up. She looked grave, when she heard Ellen's story. "I am very sorry for you, my dear; but you see I have to live. If you can't pay my rent, I'm afraid—"

"Oh, don't turn me out," pleaded Ellen. "Grant me one more week. I do, really think that they will give me work in the end."

Mrs. Hart was not a hard woman, so she agreed to give her lodger another chance. At the end of the week, Ellen took her child in her arms, and went down to tell the landlady that she was going to Terra-cotta-street.

Arrived at the office, she saw, to her surprise, that the stairs and entrances were crowded with women and girls, some bearing the unmistakable mark of the "poor lady," some smartly-dressed young women of the shop-girl class. The door of the office was shut, and there was a notice posted on it to the effect that the premises were to let.

"What has happened?" asked Ellen of one of the women.

The *esthetic* Company is a swindle; that's all," was the answer. "I suppose you paid your guinea?"

"Yes," said Ellen, faintly.

"Well, you are swindled, my dear, like the rest of us. It's hard, but the world is hard on poor women. I'm real sorry for you; and if you like to come along with me we'll go together to another place where we've heard women get some new kind of fancy work that's going to be the fashion."

Starting people, like drowning people, will catch at straws. The woman had a kind face, and Ellen knew that it was useless to wait there at the closed office-door. She therefore, went to her new friend. As they trudged through the crowded streets, these two sisters in adversity exchanged confidences, and found that their experiences had been somewhat similar.

Both had fought a hard fight against poverty, and both were then without a shilling in the world.

"If you can't get work at this other place, the *Penelope* Company, it's called—what's to become of us? I'd rather die than go into the workhouse."

"The work requires no experience, my good woman. We give lessons at a moderate fee, and, when perfect, we guarantee to find you

## INSURANCES.

## NOTICE.

THE COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, will ACCEPT RISKS at Local Rates.

THE BOHEMIA COMPANY, LIMITED, Agents.

Hongkong, 20th May, 1887. [1015]

## NOTICE.

THE CHINA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, Is prepared to ACCEPT FIRST-CLASS RISKS at 1/4 per Annum, and other INSURANCES at Current Rates.

AGENCIES are present in the following parts of the CHINESE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, with Comptroller Room and Servants Quartier.

Apply to JAS. B. COUGHTRELL, Secretary.

Hongkong, 27th March, 1887. [221]

## OFFICES TO BE LET.

A TNO. 88, QUEEN'S ROAD CENTRAL.

With Comptroller's ROOM and entrance to STANLEY STREET.

Apply to ADAMSON, BELL & CO.

Hongkong, 20th May, 1887. [1010]

## OFFICES TO BE LET.

A TNO. 88, QUEEN'S ROAD CENTRAL.

With Comptroller's ROOM and entrance to STANLEY STREET.

Apply to ADAMSON, BELL & CO.

Hongkong, 20th May, 1887. [1010]

THE Undersigned having been appointed Agents for the above Company are prepared to ACCEPT RISKS against FIRE at Current Rates.

THE HONGKONG DISPENSARY.

Hongkong, 15th March, 1887. [549]

## TO BE LET.

A VERY COMFORTABLE HOUSE, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED, commanding extensive Sea View and very Cool in summer.

Apply to THE HONGKONG DISPENSARY.

Hongkong, 5th May, 1887. [710]

## TO BE LET.

A ROOMS in "COLLEGE CHAMBERS."

No. 16, HOLLYWOOD ROAD.

Apply to DAVID SASSOON, SONS & CO.

Hongkong, 30th July, 1886. [45]

THE ATLANTIC FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF HAMBURG.

Hamburg, January, 1882. [968]

The Undersigned having been appointed Agents for the above Company are prepared to ACCEPT RISKS against FIRE at Current Rates.

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